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IRA NELSON MORRIS.

a member of the executive committee of the Chicago Peace Society and a liberal contributor to its work, as well as a moving factor in the ambitious plans under way in Chicago for a proper observance of the century of peace between the United States and almost the entire civilized world, Mr. Morris has given strong proof of his alignment with those who are working for the substitution of law and order in international affairs for armed aggression. Indeed, Mr. Morris heads the important committee on permanent memorial of the Chicago Group of the American Peace Centenary Committee, a committee which will see to it that the centenary celebration becomes not only a thing of the moment, but that the memory thereof and the significant lessons it teaches shall be transmitted in lasting form—by the erection of a building, the unveiling of a monument, or some other means—to the generations to come.

Ira Nelson Morris is the son of the late Nelson Morris, and was born in Chicago thirty-nine years ago. He is a graduate of Phillips' Academy, Andover, and of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale. After leaving college in 1898, he entered business with his father, but in 1906 withdrew from commercial life to devote himself to civic and philanthropic interests and to literary pursuits.

Mr. Morris has traveled extensively. An exploration tour through the West Indies and the northern republics of South America, which took him to many practically unknown districts, resulted in the publication of

his "With the Trade Winds," a book which won much favorable comment.

When on May 15 and 16 of last year a party of distinguished British and Belgian delegates, headed by the Right Hon. the Lord Weardale, visited Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. Morris entertained them at a private dinner in the Blackstone Hotel, and in the evening gave a reception at their beautiful home on Lake Shore Drive, which for brilliancy and the distinguished character of those present will long be remembered in Chicago. Mrs. Morris is chairman of the Women's Committee of the American Peace Centenary Committee.

Mr. Morris spent several months in Italy this year as Commissioner-General of the United States, and was successful in bringing about the participation of the Italian government in the Panama-Pacific Exposition. During their stay in Italy, Mr. and Mrs. Morris entertained frequently in their villa on Lake Como, royalty being among their guests on more than one occasion.

The Blood Avengers.

By Herman Frederick Hegner.

They come—the avengers!
The blood avengers come!
With trumpet blasts ten thousand times more fierce
Than shook the walls of Jericho they come,
The dreadful specters of the unavenged.
Through pleasant lanes and fertile fields they cry:
"Death to the soil that drank the blood of war!
Beneath its green fertility there lie
The bones and death-heads of the unavenged:
On generations still unborn is laid
The guilt, the blood guilt, of unholy war—
"Death, death," they cry, "to earth's prosperity,
Root-fed on soil that's lined with human gore!"
And lo! the precious fields of golden grain
Are blasted by the trumpets' scorching breath;
The heavens shake; the earth gives up her dead;
From kingly tombs and treasured urns they come,
Accursed spirits of the Souls who lived
Upon the spoils of devastating war.
In agony they cry up to their God:
"Oh, cleanse us from blood-guiltiness!" they cry,
"That we may rest and sleep the endless sleep!"
Then comes the Christ and waves his bleeding hands
In mercy and in love . . . the desert blooms,
And golden harvests ripen in the sun.

They come—again they come!
The blood avengers come!
Their trumpet blasts now shake the mighty thrones
That rule the empires of the Present Age.
The Nations rage; they crowd the narrow streets:
"T has come!" they cry, "the Judgment Day has come!"
Wars! wars! great devastating wars!
Haste, haste, and marshal all your armaments!
The avengers come! the blood avengers come!
Build battleships! build deadly ships of steel!
Ships! ships! more ships! nor count the fearful cost!
Let Poverty sweat drops of steaming blood!
Let Famine tear the bodies of the poor!
Ye Masters, drive your trembling, helpless men
Until the blood spurts from their hollow chests!
Or empires once again will heave and fall—
Great Nineveh will fall to rise no more!
And then the Nations, in great fear, cry loud:
"Avenging Spirits of the dreadful past,
Speak! speak! how can the wretched World be saved?"
Alas, the cruel and hopeless creed of hate
Is echoed in their answering trumpet blast:

"'Tis life for life, and tooth for tooth!" they cry,
 "Until the last man has avenged the soil!"

But see! the Army of the Pacifists
 Sweeps through the World with answering bugle notes,
 And drives the specters back into the shades.
 From East and West and North and South they come,
 Their banners haloed by the Dove of Peace;
 While through the Heavens rings a clarion voice—
"Down With your Arms!" ye Nations of the earth:"
 "Ye Captains, send your soldiers to their plows!
 Ye People, let your sure and strong defense
 Lie in your schools, your franchise, and your faith!
 Ye Parliaments, stamp fear from out your hearts!
 Down with the blood avengers' creed of hate!
 Down with your armaments and bloody wars!
 Sweep all your mighty dreadnoughts from the seas!
 Build ye the World a Capital of Peace!
 A refuge unto you 'twill surely be,
 A refuge from the blood avengers' wrath!—
 "Hail! Brother Nations—Empire of the World!
 Cease, cease your hateful jealousies! Proclaim
 A World-United-Parliament-of-Peace!"

West Chicago, Ill.

* Battle Cry of the Pacifist Army suggested by the late
 Baroness von Suttner's novel.

The Third Peace Conference at The Hague.*

By Hon. Andrew D. White.

Pressing as are various other questions in the interest
 of peace, there are evidently just two which demand our
 closest attention and best thought here and now.

First of these is the Mexican trouble. It is serious
 and urgent; but, whatever we may think of earlier meas-
 ures of our Government regarding it, the calling of the
 three great South American powers to take up the work
 of mediation was a most happy thing, both as regards
 the present and the future. Whether it shall succeed
 in this instance or not, it seems a movement of happy
 omen to the future of the world. But it puts us in an
 expectant attitude; for the present we must be content
 to wait.

The second of these two questions relates to the call-
 ing of the Third International Conference for Peace at
 The Hague. The time established by precedent, and,
 indeed, by the direct action of the Second Conference,
 for studying and discussing the questions to be taken up
 in it has now arrived. Seven years elapsed between the
 First Conference in 1899 and the preparation for the
 Second Conference in 1907. The seventh year since the
 Second Conference is now upon us, and we ought not to
 delay longer, for now comes upon us the question
 whether at least quasi-septennial sessions shall ripen
 into precedent or shall become mere matters of whim
 and chance.

Thus far there is everything to encourage us. At the
 close of the First Conference there were many expres-
 sions of disappointment at its result. It had been sum-
 moned by the Russian Czar to limit the ever-increasing
 armaments of the world, and almost the first thing done
 by the committee appointed to discuss that subject was
 to declare, by a virtually unanimous vote, that this was,
 at least for that time, impossible. Perhaps the most

powerful speech during the whole course of the confer-
 ence was made by a Prussian general to show that such a
 limitation was not only impossible, but undesirable.

There was also at the outset an evident feeling of dis-
 couragement among the delegates. Perhaps no assem-
 blage of the kind was ever begun with fainter hopes of
 success. The calls under which the body was brought
 together, though eloquent in parts, were by no means
 fully thought out or adequately expressed. They said
 little, if anything, regarding arbitration, and they seemed
 to hint at some sort of repression of the inventive powers
 of mankind as exercised on weapons and equipment of
 war. Probably no great representative assembly could
 have ever been brought together with less faith in the
 work proposed or less hope for any useful result.

A curious evidence of this was seen in the fact that
 one of the most eminent ambassadors present—one who
 afterward took an especially prominent part in all the
 deliberations—openly bewailed his fate in being called
 to take any part whatever in the matter. He considered
 it as the closing scene of his very long and creditable
 career, and lamented that this culminating duty assigned
 him could not end in any result useful or honorable.
 Nor was this eminent gentleman alone in these fore-
 bodings. The tone of informal discussion in the com-
 mittee rooms and in social gatherings was at first wretch-
 edly pessimistic, and this was generally so in the utter-
 ances of the older and more experienced members.

But there is an old French proverb to the effect that
 "eating brings appetite," and this was soon found to
 apply in this case. Hardly had the first hours of the
 first day of serious work passed than a more hopeful
 spirit dawned upon us. Such men as De Nigra, who,
 against fearful odds, had fought out the battle of Italian
 unity at the court of Napoleon III; Sir Julian Paunce-
 fote, who had struggled long and well for better Anglo-
 American relations at Washington; De Martens, who
 had brought his brilliant gifts to bear in improving the
 diplomatic relations of Russia with rival powers in Eu-
 rope and Asia, and various other strong men became
 evidently interested in the problems presented, and soon
 the outlook had evidently improved. Worthy ambition
 to do good work had begun to take the place of cynicism.

There were not wanting, it is true, some eminent
 members whose utterances remained from first to last
 hopelessly pessimistic. One especially—the representa-
 tive of one of the greatest nations of the earth—was
 loud and long in insisting that the whole conference was
 the result of a determined intrigue to undermine the
 peace of Europe. He insisted, publicly and privately,
 in his walks and talks and in social intercourse, that the
 whole plan, both of limiting armaments and of pro-
 moting arbitration, was an invention of doctrinaires and
 professors—as an old patrician, he hated professors—
 and on one occasion he convulsed a great public dinner
 by exclaiming loudly, "Arbitration is a humbug; it is
 simply an invention of professors—*just like bacteria.*"

But ere long the really forceful members were work-
 ing together with a good courage; the pessimists were
 left behind, and the results achieved are now matters of
 history.

So, too, are the results of the Second Conference, held
 in 1907, now before you, and each of these two great
 assemblies, both in what it accomplished and what it left
 unfinished, encourages us to call for a Third Conference.

* Address delivered at the Twentieth Mohonk Conference,
 May 28, 1914.